

The darkness was surrounding her. The crunch of leaves, the hollowing of the wind, it was too difficult to bear. She could barely see her own hand in front of her face. She was shivering; the cold was nipping at her cheeks. Crying, she continued walking down that dark, windy road. She had a glaze over her eyes, one that made her eyes shine in the moonlight. She was raspily breathing, trying not to pass out from the cold. She had been walking for what felt like hours to her; in fact, it had only been a half hour. She missed her home; the warm fire, the snacks mom and dad made, the hot cocoa grandma would always get for her... Alas, all that was behind her. She was different now.

The moonlight has the only thing lighting up the road for her. She wrapped her arms around her stomach; she was cold and hungry. She needed to eat something soon. She looked down at her sleeves, red stains covering them. She gagged; how disgusted she was. Why had she done it? She didn't know. The darkness seemed to be thickening. The girl fell on her knees. Just then, a flash of light split the night. She looked up, and she saw a house. How strange; she knew that house, but at the same time, she didn't. She very slowly walked up to the door, and before she could knock, the door creaked open. She pulled it open.

"H-hello? I-is anyone home?" No response. She stepped inside the house, and just as she took a few steps, the door slammed behind her. She covered her mouth, suppressing a scream. "This place gives me the creeps..." The whole house was bright, however there was no source of light that she could see. Scrapping was coming from the kitchen. She walked into the kitchen, and saw a plate of cookies. There was nobody around, so she grabbed one; still warm. She bit into the cookie. It tasted like dad's recipe. There was a bottle of milk next to it. Mom had taught her, when she was younger, that dipping cookies in milk would make the cookie softer. The girl teared up; it was as if her mother was there with her. She couldn't bear to pour the milk. She instead decided to go back into the living room and take off her jacket. Once she took it off, she started looking around.

There was an empty fireplace in the wall. She looked beside it. There was a stack of wood, and a note on top of it. It read; "put two in the fireplace, grab the lighter from the kitchen, and start the fire." It was strange. The note looked like mother's handwriting. She thought this to be impossible; mother couldn't be around. Shrugging, she went into the kitchen again to grab the lighter. She was also hungry again, so she was going to eat one of the cookies... However, once she went to grab them, she noticed something odd; the cookies seemed to have changed. They were originally chocolate chip, but now they looked like raisins. That's not all; the milk was now a dark red color. She grabbed the lighter and shuffled out of the kitchen into the living room. She gasped; there were two pieces of wood in the fireplace. Trembling slightly, she went up to the wood and set it on fire. Finally, some warmth! She felt dizzy now; she didn't know why. She grabbed her jacket, red stains all over it, and tossed it into the fire.

She had been next to the fire for a few minutes, when she got up. She had to use the restroom, so she went down a hallway; it was longer than it looked. The girl opened the bathroom door, and looked in the mirror. There were red splotches all over her face. She clearly didn't wipe it off very well before leaving. After going to the bathroom, she looked in the mirror again, and screamed. There was something behind her. It was tall, with a suit and tie on. It had blacked out eyes. It had no jaw, and blood was trickling down. She quickly turned around, but there was nothing there. Just the toilet. Panting, she went back into the living room. The room seemed to have a red tint to it. The fire was burning still; it too was red. There was a shovel laying in the middle of the room, with a note taped to it. "You know what you did," the note read. It looked like grandma's handwriting. Panicked, she grabbed the shovel and tossed it at a window. The window shattered and the shovel flew into the yard. A scream sounded from the kitchen. She ran as fast as she could to the bathroom, and shut the door.

She hid in the corner. Everything seemed to be turning more red as time went by. There was a banging on the bathroom door. She covered her mouth and didn't make a noise. There was a raspy breathing coming from the other side.

“Judy? Are you in there, sweetie?” It was her moms voice. Judy started freaking out. There was no way; it couldn’t be her!

“Don’t be afraid, baby... Come on out, please...” Judy tried to cover her ears; it was her fathers voice. It wasn’t working. A third voice sounded, more raspy than the others.

“If she won’t come out...” It was her grandmas voice. Then, all the voices merged into one.

“Then we will come in!” Judy screamed, took her knife from her pocket, and bashed down the door. She raised up the knife, but there was nothing there. She dropped to her knees, crying. She couldn’t handle it anymore. She didn’t want to kill them all. Something inside her made her snap. She didn’t want them around anymore, so she took matters into her own hands. She couldn’t take it. She grabbed her knife... One last time.

Aunt Cindy heard a knock on her door. Cautiously, she opened the door. Two police officers were standing there. “What’s happening, officers?” She was frightened. The cop on the left took off his hat, and the cop on the right sighed.

“Ma’am...” the one on the right said, “I regret to inform you that your family that lives in Fairview have all been murdered. Judy, your niece, is gone. We found her footprints going off into the woods. We suspect it may have been her. Keep on the lookout, please. You might be next.” Cindy was crying as the officers left. Then, as she heard the cops pull away, she sighed. Judy wouldn’t be coming for her; she had already made sure of that. In fact, Judy wouldn’t be able to come after anyone ever again; unless she could dig up 6 feet of dirt with her cold hands.